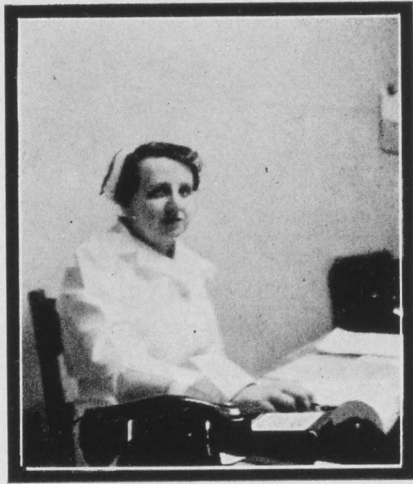


In Cap and Uniform

Published by
***Graduating Class of
Calgary General Hospital***
May, 1946

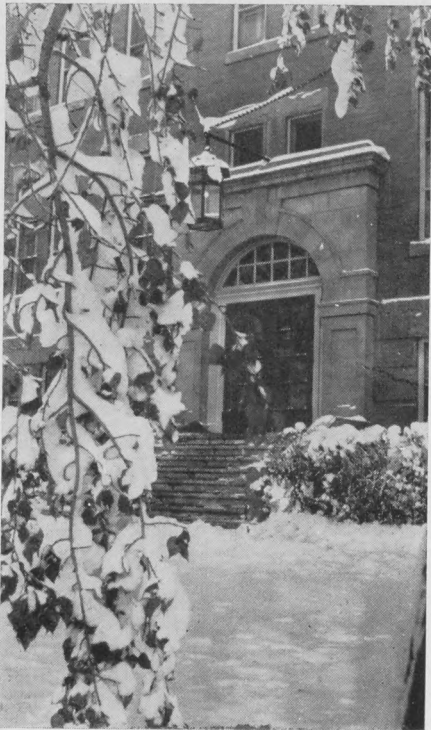


Dedication

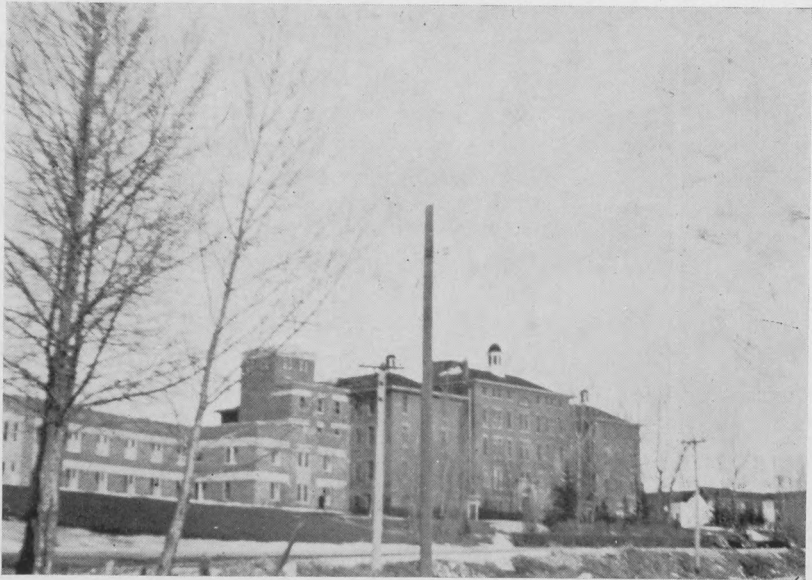
THE Graduating Class of 1946, respectfully dedicate
this book to Miss Macdonald—Night Supervisor.

By her example, Miss MacDonald has taught us to
know and appreciate one of the great maxims of the
nursing profession—Devotion to Duty.

"She attracts hearts by the qualities she displays
She retains them by the qualities she possesses."



Snowy Entrance



Calgary General Hospital

Calgary General Hospital Board

To the members of the Hospital Board we express our thanks
for the interest and help they have given the student nurses.

Mr. A. D. Cumming Chairman

Mr. J. Barnes Secretary

Mr. L. H. Barnes

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Mr. V. B. Graveley

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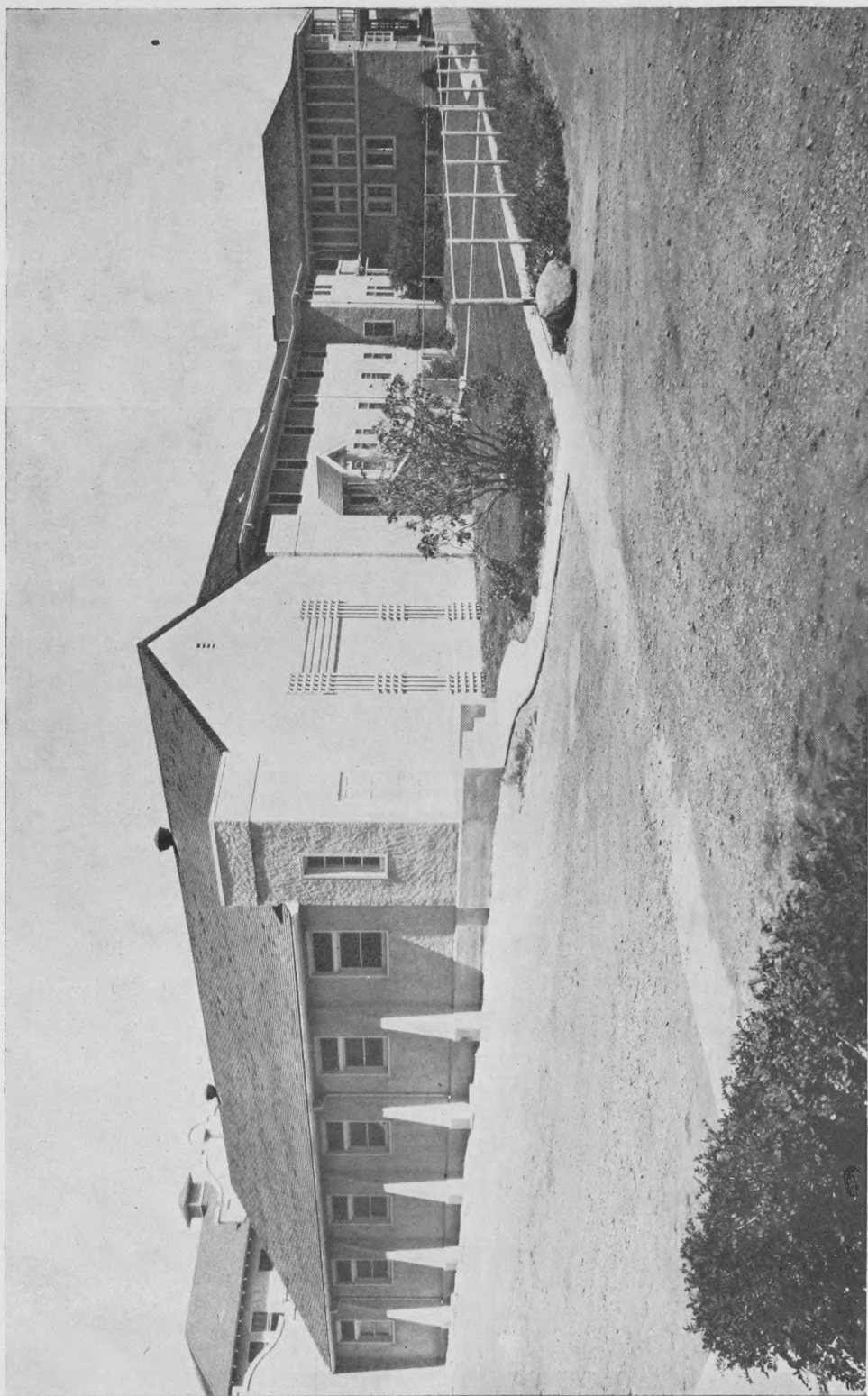
Mr. D. B. McKenzie

Mrs. T. L. O'Keefe

Mr. F. E. Spooner

Mayor J. C. Watson







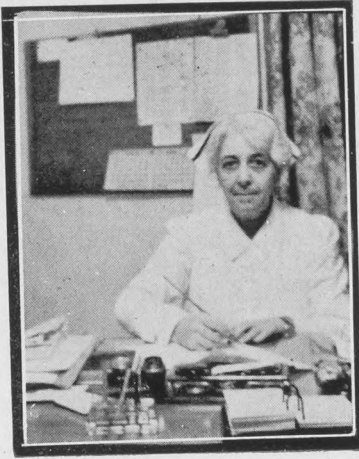
J. D. HAESLIP, M.D.
Medical Superintendent



MISS A. HEBERT, R.N.
Superintendent of Nurses

Nursing Staff

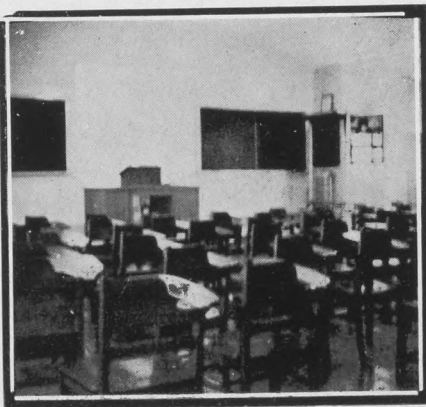
MISS J. LAMONT, R.N.	T.S.O.
MISS M. HALLETT, R.N.	T.S.O.
MISS E. MARTIN, R.N.	T.S.O.
MISS J. CONNAL, R.N.	Instructress
MISS M. METHERAL, R.N.	Assistant Instructress
MISS M. MacDONALD, R.N.	Night Supervisor
MISS J. HOWATSON, R.N.	Assistant Night Supervisor
MISS I. AULD, R.N.	Supervisor Fourth Floor
MISS H. JARDINE, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Fourth Floor
MISS M. HOOPER, R.N.	Supervisor, Third West
MISS D. McROBERTS, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Third West
MISS H. VON GRUENIGEN, R.N.	Supervisor, Third East
MISS M. WEST, R.N.	Supervisor, Second West
MRS. V. MORRISON, R.N.	Supervisor, Second East
MISS N. MANN, R.N.	Supervisor, First Floor
MISS H. AHOKAS, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, First Floor
MISS R. BRISCO, R.N.	Supervisor, Ward 9
MISS C. DOULL, R.N.	Supervisor, C.W.
MISS L. DOTEN, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, C.W.
MISS A. JOHNSON, R.N.	Supervisor, Maternity
MRS. E. SMITH, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Maternity
MISS N. BAKER, R.N.	Supervisor, Operating Room
MISS D. BENSON, R.N.	Assistant Supervisor, Operating Room
MRS. R. SHIEDEL	Dietitian
MISS G. McLEAN	Assistant Dietitian
MISS A. CASEY, R.N.	Home Matron
MISS D. CANNON, R.N.	Assistant Home Matron
MISS A. CAMPBELL, R.N.	Superintendent, Isolation Hospital
MRS. D. INNES, R.N.	Assistant Superintendent, Isolation Hospital
MRS. R. HENRY, R.N.	Night Supervisor, Isolation Hospital



To MISS CONNAL and MISS METHERAL—

Our sincere thanks to Miss Connal, and Miss Metheral, for the invaluable instruction and help they have given us.

"When those we respect, advise
'Tis sweet to learn.



In Appreciation

We wish to say a special "Thank You" to each doctor who gave us our lectures. You gave much of your valuable time to our classroom and we appreciate it.

Anatomy and Physiology	Dr. A. E. Wilson
Surgery	Dr. F. Campbell
Obstetrics	Dr. C. B. Wright
Materia Medica	Dr. I. Dixon
Anaesthesia	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Urology	Dr. J. E. Palmer
Medical Diseases	Dr. R. R. Hughes
Communicable Diseases	Dr. H. Price
Gynaecology	Dr. W. Lincoln
Public Health	Dr. W. Hill
Paediatrics	Dr. M. G. Cody
Dentistry	Dr. H. L. Freeland
Neurology and Psychiatry	Dr. W. R. Read
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat	Dr. R. W. Culver
Tumours	Drs. McLatchie and McGuffin
Orthopaedics	Dr. R. G. Townsend
First Aid	Dr. R. G. Johnson and Mr. Leslie Hill

Florence Nightingale
Pledge



I SOLEMNLY pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

To The Graduating Class

OMAR has said "It is better to have travelled hopefully, than to arrive".

You have now arrived at what was three years ago, the height of your ambition, namely, Graduation, and I wish to congratulate you on reaching such an important landmark along your life's highway.

In your "travelling hopefully", you have, I am sure, gained much of character, self-discipline and self-confidence, and now you are no doubt conscious of a little "let down" feeling. You realize that the horizon which you have striven so hard to reach, has shifted—it has moved on ahead, and there appear more roads to travel, more difficulties to overcome, more battles to be won, and that is as it should be for all of us. No one should be content to sit with folded hands and be content to "rest on our laurels"—there is too much work to be done and all too few to do it. You nurses, in the course of your profession, will, I am sure, find so many ways to help others to help themselves, and will thus become conscious, as I am sure you already have found, that it is only as you "give" to others, you will "get" for yourselves.

You are entering on a profession which is one of the most important in our world today, the care of the sick. I am sure none of you have entered upon it with the idea of making money. That should be the least consideration of the nursing and medical professions. Of course you are entitled to a good living, but you will find your greatest satisfaction, not in your bank account or your bonds, but in your own consciousness of a job well done, of some suffering body restored to health, some discouraged, wayward soul put again on the right path, some home in which you have had the privilege of working, which perhaps was heading for the rocks, turned about to a normal course again.

You will find so many, many ways of serving, you will yourself require, not only good physical health, but good mental health, a strong faith in yourself, in your profession, in humanity and in an over-ruling Providence.

Let this faith have its way, and you will be surprised how difficulties will disappear and in this faith you will see your prayers answered.

I would like to see engraved on all your graduation pins, these lines of the poet: "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood".

—One of the Medical Staff.



Valedictory

IT would be difficult, if not impossible to say one last clean-cut "Good-bye" to the Calgary General Hospital.

For this school of nursing with its specialized teachings, its many associations and wide experiences has become an integral part of our lives. It was here, as probationers in the classroom that we were instructed to try to develop our characters in a threefold way—head, heart, and skill of hands. In attempting to learn this, throughout our three years, we have come to know the true value of our instruction. May we never forget the great lessons of life learned in our hospital.

It is generally believed that the graduation of a nurse is a mark of certain achievement. We believe it is only if we do not count the monetary gain, but rather if it will help make us more worthy members of our families and communities.

To the students who follow we would like to leave this message:

"There are three things that make life lovely—the beauty of reverence, the dignity of patience and the joy of usefulness."

Class Organization of Year Book Staff



PEGGY HERBERT
Editor



NANCY BURKE
Literary



MAXINE COMPTON
Business Manager



DORIS HILLMAN
Asst. Bus. Manager



HELENA BELL
Advertising



RUTH SEGAL
Advertising



VERA KING
Advertising



EILEEN BROWN
Photography



FLORA McNEILL
Photography



IRENE SEFTON
Photography



RUTH FORREST
Senior Biographies



VIOLET CANN
Senior Biographies



STELLA QUARRY
Senior Biographies

Students' Council

MISS A. HEBERT, Honorary President.



FLORA McNEILL
President



ELLEN HANSEN
Vice-President



JEAN McFARLANE
Secretary



BETTY VANJHOY
Treasurer



NORMA JEAN ROSE
Entertainment



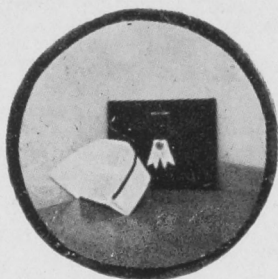
MAXINE COMPTON
Sick and Visiting



MARG. McALLISTER
Adjustment

The End of a Nurse's Day

Seven o'clock and the nurse's work
Was done for another day.
She heaved a sort of tired sigh
And put the charts away.
Then sat for a moment and bowed her head
Over the little white desk.
"I wonder", she said to herself, "after all,
Am I really doing my best?"
"Perhaps I could have begun the day
With a brighter, cheerier smile,
And answered the bells 'Right away',
Instead of 'After awhile'!"
"And I might have listened with sweeter grace,
To the story of 6's woes;
She may be suffering, more perhaps,
More than anyone knows."
"And I might have refrained from the half-way frown,
Although I was busy then,
When the frail little girl, with sad blue eyes,
Kept ringing and ringing again."
"And I might have spoken a kinder word
To the heart of that reckless boy,
And stopped a moment to help him find
The missing toy."
"Or perhaps the patient in 18A
Just needed a gentler touch.
There are many things I might have done,
And it wouldn't have taken much."
She sighed again and brushed a tear,
Then whispered—praying low,
"My God, can you accept this day,
When it has been lacking so?"
And God looked down, He heard that sigh,
He saw that shining tear,
Then sent His Angel Messenger,
To whisper in her ear.
"You could have done better today,
But, Oh, the Omnipotent One,
Seeing your faults, does not forget,
The beautiful things you have done."
"He knows, little nurse, that you love your work,
In this house of pain and sorrow,
So gladly forgives the lack of today,
For you will do better tomorrow."
The nurse looked up with a grateful smile,
Tomorrow I'll make it right.
Then added a note in the order book,
'Be good to them tonight'.



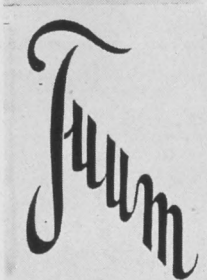
Graduates





JOYCE BATTRUM—

Admitted—Expressed from Battrum, Sask.
 Diagnosis—Sophistication personified.
 Complicated by the charms of music.
 Discharged—Living.
 Prognosis—A charmer of an idle hour.



JEAN BELL—

Admitted—Torn away from Carstairs, Alta.
 Diagnosis—Shadows Fowler but befriends all.
 Complicated by repeated epistaxis.
 Discharged—On time and believe it or not—
 ready.
 Prognosis—"Olds, here I come".



ELIZABETH BUSHFIELD—

Admitted—Floated softly down from Balzac.
 Diagnosis—Extreme serenity.
 Complications—None.
 Discharged—Unruffled.
 Prognosis—Faithful and willing service to all
 who come her way.



NORA BUTTERWICK—

Admitted—Nonchalantly from Nemiscam.
 Diagnosis—Acute bewilderment.
 Complicated by impetuous Cann.
 Discharged—Popular with everybody.



VIOLET CANN—

Admitted—Undaunted from Gull Lake, Sask.
 Diagnosis—Flying high.
 Complications—Forced landings.
 Discharged—Off schedule but intact.
 Prognosis—Ceiling unlimited.

THELMA CASCADEN—

Admitted—Sacrificed from Snipe Lake, Sask.
 Diagnosis—"To be or not to be."
 Complications—Is this really love?
 Discharged—Brimful of wisdom.
 Prognosis—Undecided as yet.



ELSIE CLARKE—

Admitted—Somnambulatory.
 Diagnosis—Lecture lethargy.
 Complicated by a priceless sense of humour.
 Discharged—Objective obtained.
 Prognosis—Calmly collective.



Hum

RUTH FORREST—

Admitted—Crashed in from High River.
 Diagnosis—Dynamic personality.
 Complications—To close to High River.
 Discharged—To strains of Mendelssohn.
 Prognosis—"Some Sunday Morning."



LUCILLE FOWLER—

Admitted—Ten days late.
 Diagnosis—Efficiency.
 Complicated by talking intelligently in her sleep.
 Discharged—Like the Mounties—she got her man.
 Prognosis—Mrs. Farmerette.



Est

FERNE GOW—

Admitted—Drifted down from the north.
 Diagnosis—Book worm.
 Complicated by other people.
 Discharged—Calmly.
 Prognosis—You'd better ask her.





ALICE JOHNSON—

Admitted—Smiled her way in from Michichi.
 Diagnosis—Popularity.
 Complicated by getting enough sleep.
 Discharged—Yours truly.
 Prognosis—P.G. in Obstetrics?



VIRENA JULSON—

Admitted—Gallantly.
 Diagnosis—Oh, to be short!
 Complicated by lack of time to say it in.
 Discharged—Her "Spring will be a little late this year."
 Prognosis—First Aid to the Police.



LAUREL KING—

Admitted—Stirred in from Cereal.
 Diagnosis—A true sense of humour.
 Complicated by inability to push up scales.
 Discharged—Still able to smile.
 Prognosis—Work, like the rest of us.



DAPHNE MORRIS—

Admitted—Modestly from Elnora.
 Diagnosis—Serious and doing her bit
 Complications—No butter for bread.
 Discharged—Happy but held back.
 Prognosis—Nursing close to home.



MARGUERITE McALISTER—

Admitted—Followed her sister from Claresholm.
 Diagnosis—A good nurse.
 Complicated by numerous telephone calls.
 Discharged—Entranced by a world of opportunities.
 Prognosis—T.C.A., perhaps.

JEAN McFARLANE—

Admitted—A blonde blessing from Maple Creek.

Diagnosis—A super nurse.

Complicated by sardines and onions.

Discharged—With respect and admiration.

Prognosis—A June Bride.



FLORA McNEILL—

Admitted—Deliberately.

Diagnosis—A good executive.

Complicated by "Bell Bottom Trousers".

Discharged—Waiting for Sefton.

Prognosis—Matrimony in the fall.



Flora

KAREN PEDERSEN—

Admitted—Voluntarily.

Diagnosis—A heart of gold.

Complications—Guess she hasn't any.

Discharged—A friend of all.

Prognosis—Bound to be good.



EVELYN POOL—

Admitted—Donated from Eston.

Diagnosis—Little but nice.

Complicated by friends on fourth.

Discharged—Same size.

Prognosis—Marriage she hopes.



Evelyn

MURIEL POYSER—

Admitted—Travelled by caboose from Unity.

Diagnosis—A barrel of fun.

Complicated by a laugh no one could miss.

Discharged—Would like to live in her dreams.

Prognosis—G.O.K. but we won't worry.





ERNESTINE ROBINSON—

Admitted—Extracted from Hillcrest.
 Diagnosis—Try, try again until you do succeed.
 Complicated by third west.
 Discharged—Thumbs up.
 Prognosis—We're really not sure—ask her.



IRENE SEFTON—

Admitted—Thumbed in from Crossfield.
 Diagnosis—A flirt.
 Complications—Photography.
 Discharged with a contracted levator palpebrae superioris.
 Prognosis—Far fields look greener.



VIRGINIA SINTON—

Admitted—Hiked in from Airdrie.
 Diagnosis—Always pleasant.
 Complication—Eating.
 Discharged—Immunized to Measles and Chicken Pox.
 Prognosis—Will join her sister in U.S.A.



KATHLEEN WITTS—

Admitted—By raft from Milk River.
 Diagnosis—Standing her ground.
 Complicated by "Blue Bird Boogie-Woogie."
 Discharged—Having gained her ground.
 Prognosis—Specializing at the Belcher?



HELEN YEARWOOD—

Admitted—Smiled her way over from town.
 Diagnosis—Small but mighty.
 Complicated by her South Paw.
 Discharged—Admirably.
 Prognosis—Dabbling in the Culinary Arts.

FLORENCE ANDERSON—

Her quiet eyes are hovered,
By a gay mischievous glint,
And from the depths of her steadfast mind,
Come words that give a hint—of our true
Andy.



HELENA BELL—

Helena loves life,
Giving to each hour the best.
Laughter is often on her lips,
Her very glance is filled with zest,
For all that's bright and gay.
Happy and loyal, sincere and true,
There never was another, Bell, like you.



Fum

EILEEN BROWN—

"Bones", we have called her right from the
start,
Of our nursing career she has become a part.
Punctual, just, true and good,
We take her for the flower of womanhood.



NANCY BURKE—

"Burke, the brave, the wise, the good,
Valiant without ambition, discreet without
fear, confident without assumption.
In disaster calm; in success moderate; in all
herself."



Est

MARION CARLSON—

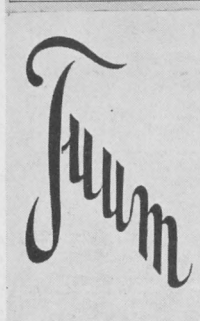
We love her for her smile, her look,
Her way of speaking gently.
—Browning.





RUTH CARLSON—

So sweet a face,
Such angel grace,
Unfading sunshine any place.



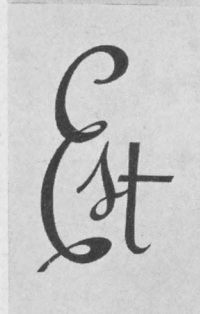
JOYCE CHAPMAN—

To be merry,
Best becomes our Joyce,
For one who is vivacious,
She is our choice.



MAXINE COMPTON—

"Junior" to us she will always remain,
Her wit and vitality win her fame.
Naive and tender and ever true,
Whatever may come she will always win
through.



DORIS CROWLE—

Our tall and stately maiden,
With her kind and loving smile,
Has molded in with nursing,
And has made it worth the while.



ANNE ELLIOTT—

Behind cool composure,
Lies bubbling laughter,
When unheard, revealed,
By her sparkling, black eyes.

FLORENCE FOWLER—

A true and sincere classmate,
Who has gained our high respect.
In time of need, she'll not be far,
When fun looms, she'll be on deck.



ETHEL GRIFFIN—

Light of spirit,
Gay with laughter,
Her friendship lasts,
Forever after.



Fum

VERNA HALL—

We like "Vi-Vi" it's plain to see,
Laughing merry, and full of glee.
She keeps herself as neat as a pin,
In our crowd she'll always fit.



ELLEN HANSEN—

Blue-eyed and fair of face,
Moving at a terrific pace—
Active, stirring, all afire,
Cannot rest, cannot tire.



Est

YVONNE HEAD—

Laughing all the while,
Yet she is a dreamer of dreams,
With high thoughts and infinite desires.





PEGGY HERBERT—

So true, so kind,
So apt, so blessed a disposition,
In all our hearts—Peggy—
You hold first position.



DORIS HILLMAN—

She has a heart that never hardens,
A temper that never tires,
Ever friendly, ever gay,
We're sure she'll always remain that way.



GLADYS JAMES—

"A dancing shape,
An image gay,
To haunt, to startle,
And waylay."



ELLEN MORRIS—

A success she will be,
To heights she'll climb,
A better pal you'll never find.



ROBERTA NIXON—

Her thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear,
Their dwelling place.

—Byron.

FREDA NORRIS—

Quiet and shy, friendly and true,
A sweeter girl we never knew.
With her charm, her grace, her winning smile
No wonder she doth our hearts beguile.



ERNESTINE PEEL—

With beautiful hair and figure neat,
She's an attractive girl, who's hard to beat.
Vim, vigor and vitality plus
We're glad that she is one of us.



Ernestine

BARBARA PETERSON—

In our fondest memories, Barbara is the one
With kindly heart and infectious laugh,
A real friend who's oodles of fun.



NORMA ROSE—

Our black-haired Rose is always gay,
No matter what her destiny.
Ever faithful—full of pep,
She's brought good times we'll ne'er forget.



Norma

STELLA QUARRY—

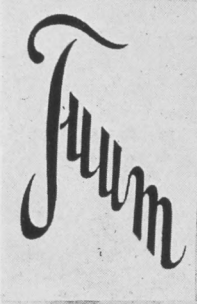
This honourable maiden has won our esteem,
With her rare sense of humour and joyful gleam.
She never fails to boost our morale,
We all think Quarry is quite a gal.





FRANCES RUSSELL—

Elfin and human,
Airy and true,
Bent and determined,
To be loved by you.



PATRICIA SANSON—

A vivacious gal, full of glee,
After nine, you'll surely see,
A devilish twinkle in her 'e.



RUTH SEGAL—

Her dynamic personality,
Gayety, wisdom and wit,
Make her, amongst us all—a favourite.



ELIZABETH VANGHOY—

With her modest charm and gentle touch
A lover of tranquil solitude,
And of such society
As is quiet, wise and good.



NANCY WALLACE—

Of ladylike manners,
She could easily boast,
To this radiant lass,
We give a toast.

GERALDINE FRACHE—

With a mystic power,
In her sweet smile,
And tender tone,
She walks like the beauty of night.



FRANCES GUTTERSON—

Her words have color and music,
Her feet have wings we are sure,
Her hands have a gentle touch,
That is healing as any cure.



VERA KING—

Gentle and quiet, yet full of fun,
Always doing what should be done,
Her personality, her winning smile,
Make knowing her a thing worth while.



We would like to express our thanks to everyone, and most of all, to our fellow students, for the kindness and consideration you have shown us during our affiliation, here at the Calgary General Hospital. We have enjoyed this part of our training, and deeply appreciate having been included in all student activities. Our two years here have been both happy and profitable and will long be remembered by us.

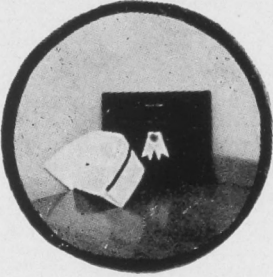
Again we say, "Thanks"!

Home Addresses

Joyce Battrum	3194 Charles St., Vancouver, B.C.
Jean Bell	Carstairs, Alberta
Elizabeth Bushfield	Balzac, Alberta
Nora Butterwick	Nemiscam, Alberta
Violet Cann	Gull Lake, Sask.
Thelma Cascaden	Snipe Lake, Sask.
Elsie Clarke	218 Superior Avenue, Calgary, Alta.
Ruth Forrest	High River, Alta.
Lucille Fowler	Oyen, Alberta
Ferne Gow	Bad Heart, Alberta
Alice Johnson	Michichi, Alberta
Virena Julson	Delia, Alberta
Laurel King	Cereal, Alberta
Daphne Morris	Elnora, Alberta
Marguerite McAlister	Claresholm, Alberta
Jean McFarlane	Maple Creek, Sask.
Flora McNeill	424 Scarboro Avenue, Calgary, Alberta
Karen Pedersen	Dickson, Alberta
Evelyn Pool	Eston, Sask.
Muriel Poyser	Unity, Sask.
Ernestine Robinson	Hillcrest, Alberta
Irene Sefton	Crossfield, Alberta
Virginia Sinton	Airdrie, Alberta
Kathleen Witts	Milk River, Alberta
Helen Yearwood	2208 14a Street West, Calgary
Florence Anderson	Blackie, Alberta
Helena Bell	935 14th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.
Eileen Brown	2023 26a Street S.W., Calgary, Alta.
Nancy Burke	High River, Alberta
Marion Carlson	Pincher Creek, Alberta
Ruth Carlson	Airdrie, Alberta
Joyce Chapman	Maple Creek, Sask.
Maxine Compton	206 Grenfell Blvd., Winnipeg, Man.
Doris Crowle	328 5th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alta.
Anne Elliott	Bowden, Alberta
Florence Fowler	Airdrie, Alberta
Ethel Griffin	Champion, Alberta
Verna Hall	505 5th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.
Ellen Hansen	2829 24th Street N.W., Calgary, Alta.
Yvonne Head	1333 11th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.
Peggy Herbert	Delburne, Alberta
Doris Hillman	Evarts, Alberta
Gladys James	1541 Queen Street North, North Battleford, Sask.
Ellen Morris	Forest Lawn, Alberta
Roberta Nixon	216 9th Street N.E. Calgary, Alta.
Freda Norris	Eston, Sask.
Ernestine Peel	333 8th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alta.
Barbara Peterson	Morrin, Alberta
Stella Quarry	Maple Creek, Sask.
Norma Rose	326 17th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alta.
Frances Russell	Maple Creek, Sask.
Patricia Sanson	Claresholm, Alberta
Ruth Segal	108 1st Avenue, Yorkton, Sask.
Betty Vanghoy	Calgary, Alberta
Nancy Wallace	Gem, Alberta
Geraldine Frache	1812 6th Avenue A North, Lethbridge, Alta.
Frances Gutterson	Drumheller, Alberta
Vera King	Michichi, Alberta

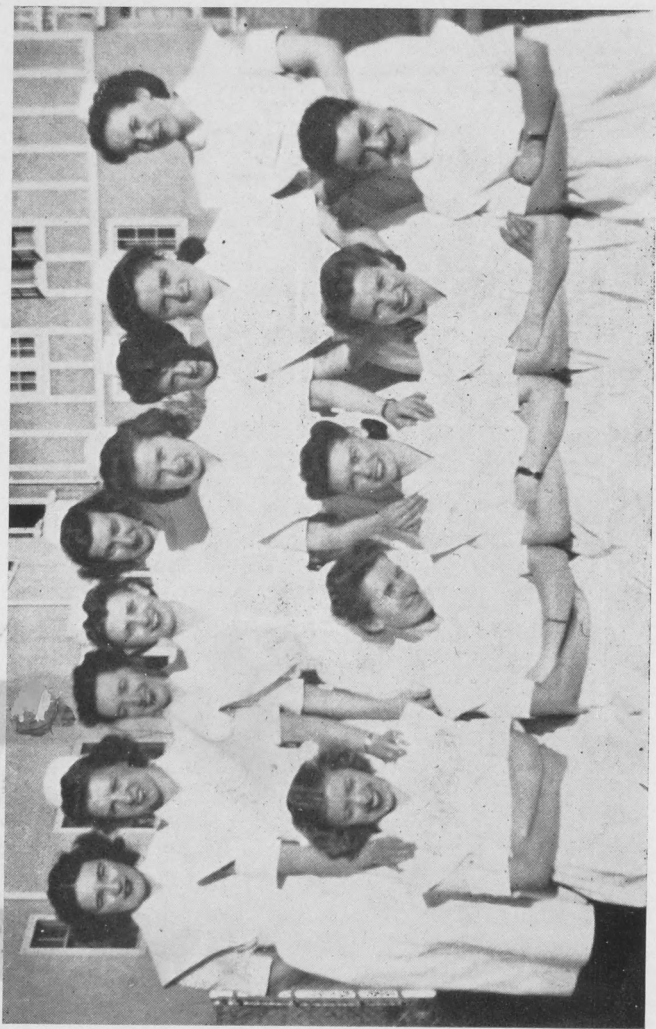
Withdrew:

Frances Short	Coleman, Alberta
Eleanor Morgan	Calgary, Alberta
Marie Trelle	Los Angeles, Cal.



Intermediates





Intermediates—Spring Section

Pauline Bock—

Pauli's hobby is flowers and plants, but she also blossoms out along other lines.

Marjory Bugler—

Marj. requires no introduction. We all know her as our level-headed, fun-loving president.

Anna Carothers—

Her interest is in the future, because she is going to spend the rest of her life there.

Marjorie Crisall—

Cris is the blonde member of our class who is always willing to make the most of every situation.

Dorothy Earl—

A nurse was bound to be
In uniform so white,
She's proved herself as you can see,
A nurse that's "really" alright.

Hilda Hooper—

"Feathers float while pearls lie low".

Beatrice Jenkins—

Doctors may have her appendix,
And her tonsils too,
But we will take the remaining,
And love it through and through.

Margaret Lawrence—

Blue-eyed and blonde is Peg,
A most mischevious egg,
Her distinctive, chuckling laughter,
We'll remember ever after.

Joyce Miller—

Our Joy is our joy,
Because she's always full of fun.

Violet Miller—

Little and wise,
But a terror for her size.

Helen Prentice—

A popular miss is our red-headed lass,
She's well liked by all of our class.

Lucille Russell—

A sprightly lass from Blackie,
Of which books are her faculty.

Irene Symons—

When there's a story in the air,
Symons will be there.

Margaret Whitmore—

"A picture is worth a thousand words".

Lorraine Wright—

It is pleasant to be foolish at the right time.



Intermediates—Fall Section

EETH ANDERSON—

Anderson is an artist,
She uses pastel shades in painting
And bright ones in nursing.

NORAH ANDREWS—

Norah, of the Oscar and Matt Company,
Does much to brighten our days,
Her carefree, yet earnest industry
Will help us all on our way.

MARGARET ARMSTRONG—

Armstrong is the treasurer of our class,
She's a dark-haired, green-eyed lass,
Her cap on the back of her head, and her
dimples showing
This girl is really worth knowing.

ETHEL BALL—

Ethel is the minister's little daughter,
Who hails from Delburne,
She enjoys a good joke and is always
cheerful and gay.

IRENE BORIS—

"Boree's", everyones chum,
The one with the "go" and then some.
With plenty of giggles—plenty of guff
And stuff like that there stuff.

EDWINA BUCHAN—

As a friend you are always true,
You're different from others we ever knew.
You're our strongest spoke when there's
lots to do
Yes, Dear Tiny, we all like you.

HELEN CHASE—

Sweet and shy,
The men all flock
To see what makes
That ticker tick.

JEAN DAFOE—

This blonde little lass from Gleichen,
Is mighty bright and free,
She works with poise and discretion,
An efficient nurse she'll be.

IRENE DRUMMOND—

Drummond, with the favorite yell "Hi
Baby"
She's really pretty swell—quite a lady.
Blue eyes, brown hair,
Full of pep with quite an air
That's not too shady.

RUTH EDEEN—

This blonde lass may seem demanding,
But if big feet's a sign of good under-
standing
She understands.

BETTY FLEMMING—

This blue-eyed chick is surely slick,
She doesn't miss a single trick,
Bet's greatest joy is to cheer the sick.

PAT FOLEY—

This friendly blonde Patricia lass,
Is the champion sleeper of our class,
And pokes and pinches, pulls and jerks,
Are of no use to change these quirks.

SALLY FURGESON—

When you're in a jam, she'll help you out,
And she always knows, just what she's
about.

A little addicted to sleeping in a class,
But she can afford it, she'll always pass—
That's our Sal.

JUNE GOETT—

June is one of our gals, who is blessed
with that quality called efficiency. She's
seldom caught without an answer, and it's
usually the right one.

AILEEN HAGG—

Hagg or Hag,
It's all the same,
A swell kid to know,
What's in a name?

JOAN HALL—

A tall brunette with laughing blue eyes,
Shake her aplenty before she will rise.
Ready wit, good humour too,
Seldom you'll find this girl feeling blue.

ELEANOR HAMILTON—"Ellie"—

She's cute, she's happy,
She's far from shy.
Beware fellas,
Of the twinkle in her eye.

MARJORIE HAYES—

Quick and efficient
(It always pays)
That's the motto
Of our own Hayes.

CAROL HICKS—

She's friendly, she's smart,
She's full of good sport,
There's fun to be found,
When Carol's around.

DEV HICKS—

She's seldom in, she's on the run
She's conscientious and lots of fun.
Cheerful, lively, and awful nice,
Looking towards the good in life.

LORRAINE JENKINS—

Never stopping,
Always going.
Cheerful ever,
Shy with men?
Oh, No—never.

MARGARET JOHNSTON—

Margie's got the kind of spirit
That, in the end, will bring her merit.
She also has a little someone
Who comes around, so she's not lonesome.
Happy she, and wouldn't you be
If in her shoes, yourself you'd see.

MARG. JONES—

When loud the six o'clock bell rings,
Our Jonesie to her mattress clings.
But thru the day her sweet smiles give
The wearied heart new will to live.

LOIS KELLY—

She's a cute little red-head
She's got lots of friends,
But Don's in her good books,
Her faith never bends.

ELMA KLAUDT—

Makes her joys to others known
Does not weary of well doing.
Lives for more than self alone,
Elma is a girl worth knowing.

EDNA LEACH—

"Ever fair, ever true,
For strength and courage
We trust in you."

LORENA MEIKLEJOHN—

A dark-haired beauty,
Is our friend Lorena,
A good kid to work with
We think she's suprema.

JOYCE MILLS—

Always laughing, always smiling,
She's the girl who never worries,
If not on a date, she's always eating
Or in her book, her head she buries.
That's our Mills.

JOAN MONTGOMERY—

She's quiet and thoughtful,
Is found much in sleep,
But that's not the motive
"Still waters run deep".

DORIS MORTIMER—

Both male and female are allies of
Mortimer with languid eyes.
That cannot seem to quite disguise
The clever wit that in her lies.

JEAN McFARLANE—

"Mac" takes time off from being an efficient nurse, to ably direct the C.G.H. Glee Club. And entertain us with her piano rambling. She also enjoys knitting diamond sox.

BETH PEPPER—

She is a young girl from Port Reeve,
Whom we all are sure will receive
Her just reward for being so square
For in work or play she's always fair.

JEAN POTTER—

P—ersonality.
O—bedience.
T—olerance.
T—actfulness.
E—ndurance.
R—esourcefulness.

BETTY RITCHIE—

Ritchie, the girl with the smile
Always ready to chat awhile,
And if into her abode you peep
Red roses you are bound to meet.

SHIRLEY STAPLES—

Our cheerful co-worker,
Is one of the best,
And as a speed skater,
She's right on the crest.
"Oh, my gosh".

AUDREY SWEATMAN—

Audrey, the girl with the orderly mind,
Is really and truly a wonderful find.
Her thoughts and deeds are always kind,
She is never one to be left behind.

DORIS TINNEY—

Her vivacity, humour, personality, wit,
No wonder she's got a guy like Dick.
For nothing ever passes her by,
She always has a friendly "Hi".

PHYLLIS WEIR—

Gay little lass,
She's worked on fourth,
This was fine,
But she'd rather go "North".

VALERIE WHEELER—

Wheeler has done a lot for our class,
With her music and photography.
But when on first, the patients save,
When Wheeler gives them their monthly shave.

HELEN WHITE—

One of our Nanton girls is White—
Who came along with Potter to fight—
The dreaded battle against disease,
And has others as well as patients to please.

DOREEN WILSON—

A girl whose pleasing personality and thoughtful care, has won the admiration of those under her care, as well as in various other parts of the world.

RUBY WOTHERSPOON—

For her gentleness of nature,
And the kindness of her thought,
Her willing help is often sought,
By friends, of whom she has a lot.

ALICE ZAHARA—

With sparkling eyes, this cheery lass
Is quick to join in and ready to chat.
Who else is worthy to end our class,
But our one and only "good old Matt".

To Our Seniors

ENDINGS, though happy, often have a sad aspect. It is wonderful to know a thing has been accomplished and done well, but it is sad to think of leaving that part of one's life behind forever. Thus we feel about you, our Seniors. We have lived and learned to respect and admire you. But now the end has come and you all must needs part, from us, from each other, and from all the familiar faces and places about this, our Hospital. You have taught us many things, helped us over many difficult times and been here to share many happy ones. Now you are ready to leave, and although we will feel a vacant space where you used to be, we wish you all the best in the world, both with carrying on your profession and in your private lives. To thank you for what you have done for us sounds so inadequate, but this we do in all sincerity and wish you "Good Luck" and "God Bless You Every One".



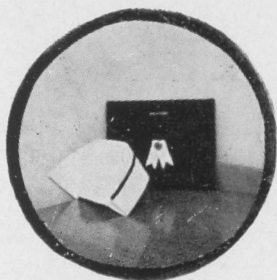
To the Intermediates

ONE of the highlights of the students' year is the annual Christmas Party, at which the Seniors receive their school pins. This year, at the Palliser, the Intermediate Class gave us the best party ever. There was a great deal of thought and work behind the evening's success, and we appreciated every bit of it. Thanks, Intermeds.!



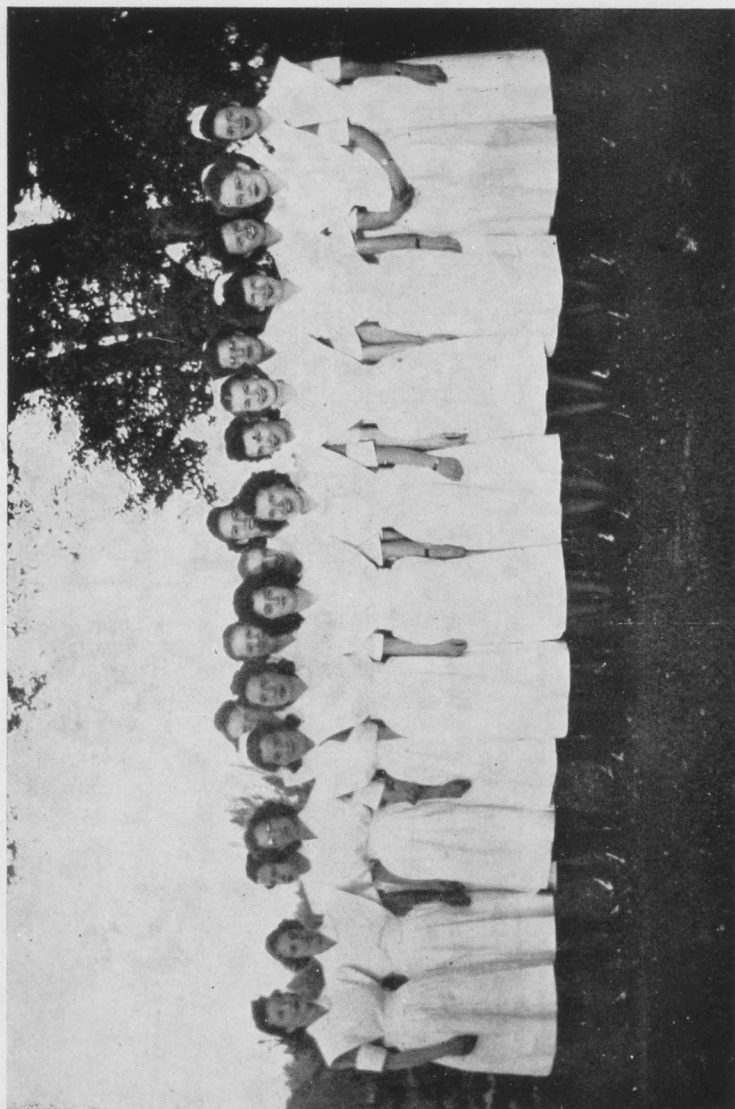
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Juniors





Junior Class—Spring Section

"We", the spring class of '48,
Are always on time and never late.
We're short, we're fat, we're thin and tall,
And by golly, that's not all!
Now in this ditty you will meet,
The "sweet nineteen", our class complete.

Connie Adkins—

Blonde and pert,
A chatter-box who loves her work.
(Transferred to Medicine Hat).

Gladys Gilchrist—

A Crossfield lass
Has a cheery smile and eyes that
flash.

Doreen Hallam—

Ever on the go
A generous gal with her radio.

Wilma Irwin—

Has vim and vigor,
And often wishes she were bigger.

Lois James—

A red-head gad-about,
One who the boys are simply mad
about.

Eileen Johnson—

Known as "Johnny",
Finds it hard to stretch her money.

Frances Kennon—

A quiet gal,
To one and all a regular pal.

Donna Mills—

Often wakes up singing,
For her the phone is always ring-
ing.

Beth MacGregor—

Is loved by all,
Sticks up for Banff with one and
all.

Vida McMillan—

Short, dark and pretty,
Left her home town, Ponoka, to
train in our city.

Dorothy Palate—

A strong-minded gal,
Who's free with her honey. which
makes her a pal.

Amy Philp—

Our singing star,
The craziest one, we're sure, by
far.

Margaret Quantz—

Is tall and quiet,
Though when you know her she's
quite a riot.

Peggy Saunders—

Is our brainy one,
Known as "Peewee", she's sure
lots of fun.

Betty Smyth—

Known as "Slivers",
When she jokes, everyone quivers

Hilda Vesterdal—

A Saskatchewan girl,
Really knows how to make our
hair curl.

Jane Wardrop—

Wears her blonde hair in braids,
And of hard work she isn't afraid.

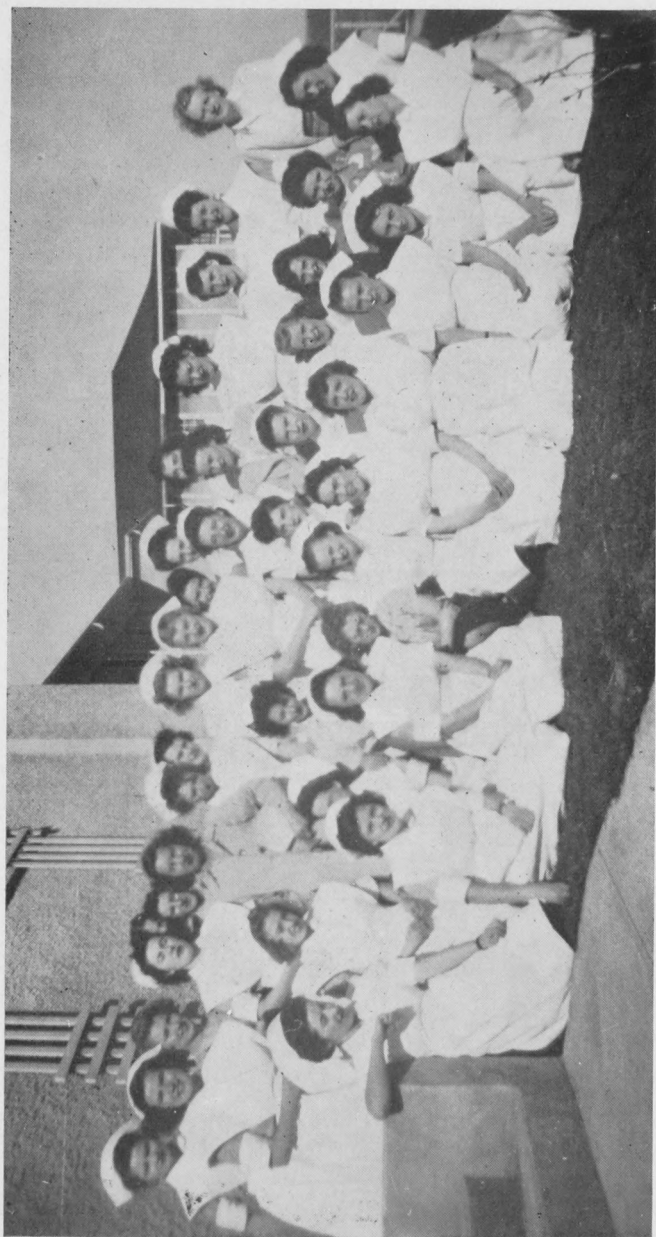
Evelyn Wheatley—

When her R.N. she gets,
To New Zealand will scurry, or
we lose our bets.

Jo Yearwood—

Curly, red-headed and not very
tall,
Likes her work and is a friend of
us all.

Now that you see our class complete,
Don't you agree that we are sweet?



Junior Class—Fall Section

Dorothy Barker—Calgary—

Cheerful "Joe" of the class,
Friendly—a real swell lass.

Eileen Bennett—Gleichen—

Ambitious and clever. Always seen with the "B's" of the class. Pet
peeve—telephone in "B" Block.

Mary Boake—Acme—

Yes, Mary, we all agree that the kitchen is a pleasant place to spend the
evening.

Maxine Burroughs—Calgary—

This is our "Mac", tall and slim, renowned for her merry giggle and
for giving hypos.

Ferne Campbell—Calgary—

A former teacher, Ferne is one of the leading brains of our class. Does
she study between those quick trips home?

Lorena Custead—Calgary—

The \$64 question on 2W—"Is this wee bit of humanity more than 15"?

Joyce Deslandes—Calgary—

Spends a lot of time in the saddle off duty and is very fond of art too.

Donna Desson—Calgary—

Brown eyes. "Gee, I wonder if I got any mail from Edmonton?"

Grace Drummond—Calgary—

Happy-go-lucky and loads of fun.

Laura Edwards—Calgary—

Varsity student who'll play anything from Santa Claus to Schubert's
Serenade.

Joan Fairweather—Turner Valley—

Blonde and petite, this hard working slave thinks R.N. and Navy is what
her heart craves.

Joyce Galbraith—Calgary—

A pert young thing who can't decide just how to get her hair into a net
with a hole in it. Can always be heard saying, "Well, really!"—espec-
ially when a certain Med. Student is mentioned.

Eileen Green—Nanton—

This member of Nanton's fairer sex is branded by a cheery smile and
can be usually found running for a street car with her little dark room
mate at her heels.

Betty Groeneveld—Blackie—

Such an industrious little girl you never did see, and, oh, those marks!

Ruby Guthrie—Calgary—

The miss of the bonnet and bright smile under. She's an all perfect
nurse, but her future—we wonder.

Jean Hambling—Calgary—

Looks after us all—even to seeing that our birthdays are happy.

Dorothy Harbidge—Banff—

This dark-haired lass, known as the goon girl, hails from the gem of the Rockies (so she says).

Betty Haymes—Calgary—

Spends all week wondering if the Saturday bus from High River will be on time.

Dorothy Hewitt—New Brigen—

The nurse who was a sensation with her one red slipper and the G.R. cart.

Betty Hickson—Kindersley, Sask.—

Always enjoys herself—especially on First.

Mary Huffman—Calgary—

Be a nurse, the Wee Voice said,
So our Mary soon took heed,
But who got took when our dear lass,
Did some poor soul a deed.

Isobel Jack—Calgary—

Ex-Sask. Varsity student who came to our fair city with her friendly manner and that plaid shirt.

Dorcas Johnson—Calgary—

Always good for a laugh, this popular lass with the atomic personality, has literally taken C.G.H. by storm. Commonly heard saying "Hey Fellas". (Another practical joke is being born.)

Anne Kenyon—

This former school teacher, with the snapping brown eyes, hailed from Saskatchewan, her mischievous grin has already endeared her to many. She's the one that makes people say "Oh Nurse!"

Eyvonne Lewis—Claresholm—

Main ambition is to get a day without classes so "I can get back to where I come from."

Maryon Robertson—Calgary—

Early to rise and go the rounds to wake the sleepy seniors, but as for the books and classtime quirks, her marks are really beamers.

Beth Romeril—Raymond—

Her sweet smiles aren't rationed like her home-town product.

Mildred Thomasson—Didsbury—

"Tommie" spends most of her time pushing the G. R. Cart. Hard to wake up in the morning.

Katherine Underhill—Calgary—

Junior Joe on 3W and still cheerful.

Myrtle Walker—Alsask, Sask.—

Tall and husky—that's Myrt. A gal who just loves her sleep—even in class.

Hazel Warren—Calgary—

Another head that nods in Anatomy Lectures. Pastime—washing her hair.

To the Juniors

To all faithful and diligent girls who would follow the noble profession of Florence Nightingale, I devise and bequeath all the duties of the ward and hospital with the right to work unceasingly from six in the morning till eight at night, with three hours off. Warning them in times of great stress and weariness never to omit reading the directions on the medicine bottle thrice. I devise to them charts for temperatures and respiration, prescriptions and daily accounts. I give to them the odors of the ether, chloroform, iodine and other disinfectants, the thrills of the operating room, the surgeon's knife, the stillness of the wards, the love and gratitude of their patients forever.



"STEPPING TO SUCCESS"

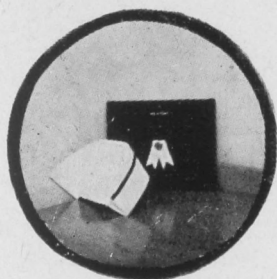
We don't get all we want in Life—But it is better so—
Because we have to strive and strain and struggle, as we go.
There's always something missing—some new thing that we desire—a distant pinnacle of dreams to which our hearts aspire.
How weary we should grow if it were sunshine all the way.
There would be no rainbows if the skies were never gray—Light and Shadow—storm and shine—the pleasures and the pains.
Disappointments and success—the losses and the gains. Do not look for easy paths—but see your shoes are strong, so that when the road is stony, you can get along. Always there'll be awkward bends—rough ruts—and hills to climb. For this is Life—you've got to keep on trying all the time.

—Patience Strong.

The Ten Commandments

(For Probationers Only)

1. Thou shalt obey thy Seniors.
2. Thou shalt not bow down to Orderlies, mistaking them for Doctors.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the T.S.O. in vain for the C.G.H. will not hold thee guiltless if thou so doest.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh day shalt thou do all thy extra cleaning.
5. Honour thy Seniors, that thy days may be peaceful in the ward to which the T.S.O. has assigned you.
6. Thou shalt not feel like murder (when thou comest from duty at 9 p.m.)
7. Thou shalt ruin thy "flowing tresses" with a hair net.
8. Thou shalt have no time to thyself for pleasure.
9. Thou shalt not feel aggrieved at false witness against thee.
10. Thou shalt not grumble at thy hard lot, at thy early rising, at thy misery inflicting boots, at the bibless apron, at thy tired back, at thy aching feet, or at any other thing that comes in the life of a probationer.

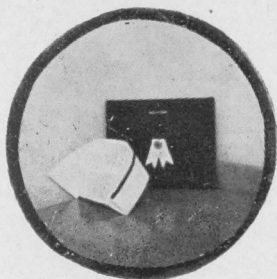


Pros.

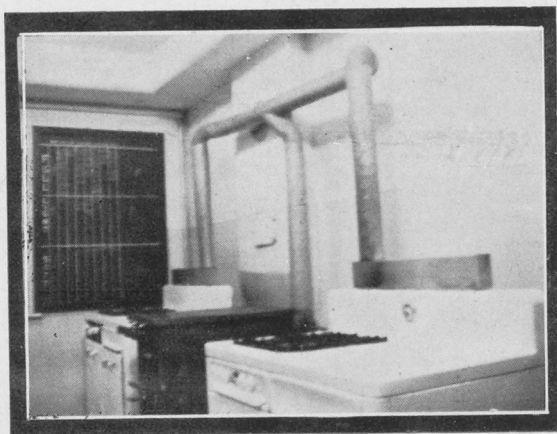


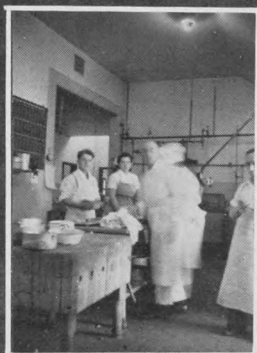


F. Brown, B. Davidson, I. Epp, E. Gibson, E. Gray, V. Harper, G. Hartwick, L. Jackson,
E. Lawrence, M. Love, M. Mitchell, D. McGhee, L. Nelson, A. Oliver, J. Ovo, C. Papworth,
A. Penner, M. Podwysocki, D. Prentice, E. Rettschlag, M. Rinquist, Y. Salmond, V. Simons,
H. Suffern, R. Tindall, W. Davies.



D. K.





Juicers.
Drop cookies?
Sampling?

Daily diet check up.
Cooling off.
Main kitchen staff.
Six cookies.

Stew again?
Service with a smile.
Hold that dram!

D.K. Recipes **(Strictly Uncensored)**

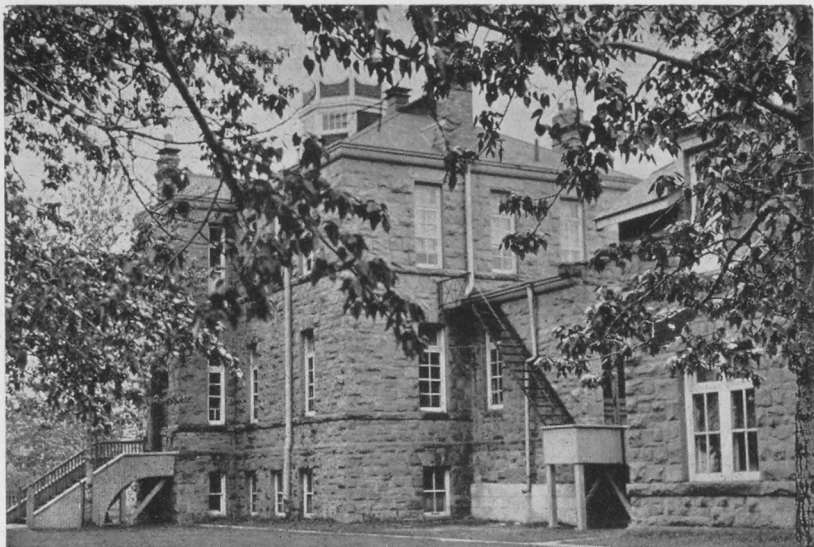
1. Butterwick Specialty—60 eggs for one cottage pudding.
 2. For Cream Sauce, Miss Russell warns—use 30 tablespoons, not 30 cups of flour as she did!
 3. Chocolate Sauce can be changed to Segal's Chocolate Brush Sauce very simply—just drop in a scrub brush. That's what our Seig did.
 4. And, of course, there's always the student who offers Imperial-a-la-mop when the crock breaks.
 5. When the wards miss all their pots and pans, they take it on the chin. Quarry's cooking rice again!
 6. When guests come unexpectedly and you want to whip up something quickly, don't use Peggy's recipe for quick jelly, unless you plan to put them up for the night.
-

"Two bees in a single hive fell madly in love with the same queen. One was a husky, handsome bee, the other a spindly weakling. The latter realized that he was at a disadvantage so he began taking vitamin pills and doing setting-up exercises at a furious clip. Finally he challenged the big bruiser to a duel. The winner? Vitamin bee.

The Acid Taste

Reading the cook book
Every day,
Pond'ring on blanc mange
And glace,
Mayonnaise,
Lyonnaise,
And souffle;

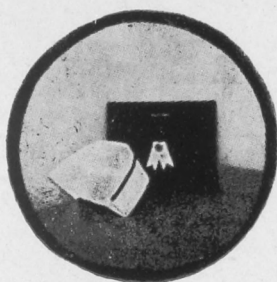
Tasty,
Tempting,
True Cordon Bleu—
What's for dinner?
Steu!



Isolation

All those who took their Isolation training at the hospital on 12th Avenue will remember:

1. The sleepy dash through the corridor at 6:20 a.m.
2. The scrumptious meals.
3. Thinking that albumen is like the proverbial needle in the haystack.
4. The every hour, on the hour, tour.
5. Loeffler's Solution.
6. Raiding the pantry after hours.
7. The excitement of the first bowl of soup.
8. Russ' rearrangement of furniture.
9. Esther and her angelfood cake.
10. Dorie and her description of a vice-like grip.
12. The enthusiastic response to morning call.
13. The food procession at meal times from kitchen to dining room.
14. Working up gumption to ask for your p.m.



O. R.





To MISS BAKER—

When first we entered the O.R., we fervently wished that the "No Admittance" sign applied to us. However, Miss Baker's patience, understanding and willing instruction soon gave confidence, and endeared her to the heart of every nurse.

In our O.R. there comes a day
When from head to foot you're in white array
With only your eyes allowed to show
You look like a play-man made of snow.
You surely are clean, for you have "scrubbed"
For ten minutes your hands, you've rubbed
With brush and soap and alcohol too—
Right up to the elbow—no less will do.

Then in sterile mask, gloves and gown,
Quickly and carefully you lay down
Each instrument bright for the surgeon's use;
Very soon he'll begin—there's no time to lose.
While with speed and care he operates,
With needles and sutures you run a race
To keep a supply at the surgeon's hand;
Just what he needs you must understand.

There'll be silk worm, horse hair and dermol too,
Of linen, plain catgut and chromic a few;
Of instruments, sponges and swabs a store;
You must never wait till he asks for more.
The task complete, there's a moment to spare
When you've time to think what a privilege rare
To be trusted to share in a surgeon's task
Is as great a thing as a nurse could ask.

—M.R. Gay V.G.H.



Making dressings.
Now, you try it.
Miss Sinton.
Two studes and the doll.
Orthopedic table.

Filling gauze drawer.
Saturday cleaning.
Miss Benson.
Re-sterilizing.
Arm draping.

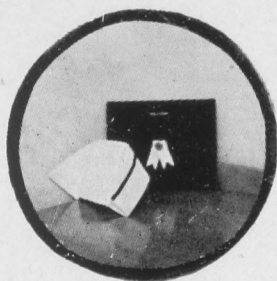
Klein and Crawford.
Head draping.
Miss Baker.
Everything stops for tea.
? ? ? ?



Before a full day.
 Checking rooms.
 Testing and patching.
 Dusty? Nope—plaster.
 Making solutions.

Sterile supplies.
 Scrubbing up.
 How it usually isn't!
 Before.
 After.
 Room IV.

Folding gowns.
 Just warming up.
 Powdering gloves.
 Surprise package!
 Just fooling.



Mat.





To MISS MATHESON—

A supervisor who will long be remembered in C.G.H., for her unlimited ability, initiative, and tireless energy which we feel, made our Mat. training outstanding.

Looking back those three short years
Memories are always dear;
Such as days we spent in Mat—
When we had fun "for all that".

Starting on the daily rounds,
Quietly—but soon we found
Sometimes quite a riot starts
And there's sure a rush for carts.

Days when things were in a mess—
When three came off at once—I guess
Things now will start to hum,
Everyone is on the run.

Nites—when only one door has to creak
To make us all jump to our feet,
And perhaps sigh with relief
It was the wind which caused our grief.

And many a tale we could recall
We've all experienced—yes, all—
For they are days we can't forget,
And ones we never will regret.

—R. Gold.



Baby favorites.
O-o-oh, look at me!
Early morning clean up.
General maternity.
M-m-umph, good!
2 a.m. lunch—sometimes.

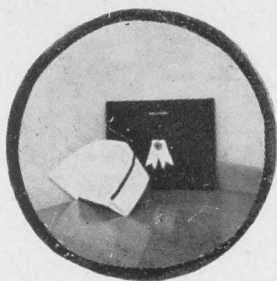
Babe fine.
Well earned cat nap.
Sextet.
Slippery, aren't they?
Charting, mat. nights.
What's cooking nurse?

q-a-m and p.r.n.
Study in black and white.
Suction, nurse!
Mrs. Morrison.
Still eating!!
Dishes for six.

The Nurse

They call her Florence Nightingale in jest,
But there's an earnestness behind their eyes
That she, high priestess, does not realize;
She only knows she does her simple best,
Performing grave mysterious rites, aware
That often she has power to fan the spark
Of life to glowing flame when it is dark
And quiet in the wards and Death stalks there.
She seems so young to have upon her slim,
Proud shoulders such a weight of grief and pain;
She should be walking through a leafy lane,
Or dancing somewhere where the lights are dim,
Or should she—whom so many lips must bless
With such profound and utter thankfulness?





Literary





NURSERY CHARGES

Babes to the right of you,
Babes to the left of you,
Babes down below and above you, they hover.
Crying and moaning;
Grunting and groaning;
When will the poor little duffers recover?

Change them and feed them,
Bathe them and rub them,
Give them their doses of Cod Liver Oil;
Show them to Papa
Then take them to Mamma.
At this same old routine, forever you toil.



MISS MacDONALD AND THE NIGHT SQUAD

I'd like you to meet our night supervisor.
If at night things go wrong—you simply advise her.
From a tiny pin-prick to a bad haemorrhage,
She's "Mother Confessor" at every stage.
If a patient starts sneezing and you're afraid of the croup,
All you need do is call the night supt.
Exchange—always cheerful any hour at all
Says "Supt? All right nurse—I'll get her to call."
The first thing you know—'way down the hall
Comes that well-known business-like footfall.
You quake in your shoes—or rejoice in your heart—
Depends upon whether you've done, nobly, your part.
But beware of the temp. that should have been taken,
Or the smell from the kitchen of fragrant fried bacon.
Or the spec. you can't get of that new pre-op—
Better make up your mind to resign on the spot.

★★★

WITH APOLOGIES TO TREES

I never thought that I should see
A steak put down in front of me,
A little steak for everyone
Of real beef and medium done,
Pinch me girls—am I awake?
Did we really have a steak?
A steak for class of "Forty-Seven"
After fish for ten or 'leven or
Twelve or thirteen times a week,
Hold me girls, I am going to shriek
Whose heart I wonder did we break,
To get that little bit of steak.

—"Nuff Sed".

PATIENT SLEEPING

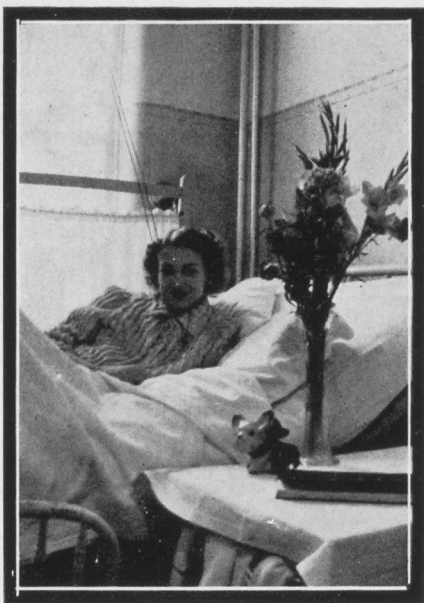
I'm all right. Sure I am, I'm fine, I am. I've been a little nervous, but I'm all right now. I'm having a rest-cure, and I can't see anybody. Only the doctor and the day nurse, and a night nurse, and the floor nurse, and the head nurse, and the tray boys, and three or four orderlies. And all I have to do is eat and sleep and not worry about anything and rest. And that's just what I'm doing. And a hospital is just the place to do it in. No one disturbs you. Not till seven o'clock in the morning, they don't. And then all they do is wash you and give you some breakfast and wash and clean the room, and then you can rest. You can until they wash the windows. And then you can rest till they want to clean the bathroom. You can. I can't. Not while hospitals use tin basins I can't. Certainly I'm not jumpy. I'm fine. I like hearing tin basins banged around. And I don't mind a bit if the nurse sings while she does it. It doesn't make me nervous—it makes me sick, but it doesn't make me nervous. And after they get the floor scrubbed I can rest while they clean the rugs. They'll take them outside to clean them, and that's very considerate. They understand. They know I'm resting. They'll wait until I'm asleep and bring them back and drop them beside the bed with a nice dull thud. But I don't mind. I'm fine. And then I get my rub, and that's grand. All up and down my spine, and I get sleepy again. And then the nurse tiptoes over and opens the window and tiptoes over and pulls down the shade, and then she moves all the furniture and washes a few tin things, and then she goes to lunch. Well, supposing she does leave the door open? I can get up and shut it, can't I? I'm not sick, am I? I'm just in for a rest. And after I shut the door I can go fast asleep. I can till they ring the telephone. I know they have orders not to, but anyone can make mistakes. And they have to send up flowers. Even if there is a sign on the door that says "patient sleeping" it doesn't say don't wake her, does it? I'm not complaining. After lunch I can rest. Unless the doctor comes. Well, I can rest when he goes. It's quiet here. It says so in the street, "Hospital Street, Quiet". There is a little rivetting next door, but who minds that? I do, but I can't stop it, can I? I can't stop progress, can I? And I can't stop the radios. It certainly was a swell idea to put radios in a hospital—I wonder who thought that up? But I don't mind them, and I don't mind the visitors across the hall—they have to shout. That's cheering the patient up. They can't come into a hospital and let the patient think he's sick, can they? They have to be hearty. Sure they do. So stop biting the bedclothes. After dinner you can rest. After dinner and after your bath, and after your Milk of Magnesia. Then you can rest. You aren't nervous, are you? You aren't going to let a little thing like a rest-cure upset you, are you? Certainly I'm not—I'm calm—I'm swell—I'm not screaming. I'm resting.

—V.G.H. Annual.



If you see the funny side—You'll stroll along the sunny side—while other folk are walking in the shade—Things will never harass you—embitter or embarrass you. A sense of humour is the finest aid—to wisdom and philosophy—in trouble and adversity—It brings you smiling through the stress and strife So cultivate the power to see—the little touch of comedy—behind the trials and tragedies of Life.

—Patience Strong.



"A GEM"

Like a weathered soldier,
So fine and upright too,
She is carrying out life's mission
With a heart that's brave and true.

Even though an illness
Has encrouched upon her life,
Narrowing her environment,
And shutting out much light.

It has been insufficient
To disturb her wondrous soul,
To mar her loving manner,
Or to change her—on the whole.

Her life's had firm foundations
On which it nobly stands,
And with God's ceaseless tending
Endures what life demands.

A stouter heart you'll never find
Though search you—near or far,
Enclosed in that dear body
It shines out like a star.

She's a little bit of heaven
And she's meant a lot to me
From her, my life's inspired
And so—shall ever be.

—P. Herbert.

Peggy expresses the thought of all the nurses who know and love Muriel.

TUNING UP

I heard musicians tuning up
And thought, "The discord and the strife
That seem to fill my days right now
Are just the tuning up for life."

—M. McMann.

★★★

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.

But now I know Biology,
And sit and sigh and moan
Six million mad bacteria
And I thought we were alone.

★★★

How I feel for those goats in the mountains
Who leap over canyons all day;
I go leaping from pay-day to pay-day
The same insecure feeling way.

—M. McMann.

★★★

THE PERFECT MAN

There is a man who never drinks
Never drinks
Nor chews nor smokes
Nor swears
Nor he never gambles
Never flirts
And shuns all sinful snares
He's paralyzed
There is a man who
Never does.
Anything that is not right.
His wife can tell
Just where he is
Morn, noon and night,
He's dead.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Thanks, for the memories,
Of days in old "B Block"
Of that bell at six o'clock
Of working hard, and laughing lots
And sighing o'er our undarned socks,
Oh, Thank you so much.

Thanks, for the memories,
Of "O.R." calls—and our "waiting date"
Of—"There are the treatments to do"
And—"The dinners are late".
Thanks, for the memories,
Oh, Thank you so much.

Of classes in the lecture hall,
Of Miss Connal waiting—patiently
With a welcome to us all,
That cheerful face, and ready smile
That made you feel you might be worth while.
Oh, Thank you so much.

—N. Burke and P. Herbert.



CAN YOU IMAGINE ?

1. James—seen, but not heard.
2. Sansom—gay at breakfast, and wide awake.
3. Symons—without a story.
4. Robinson—speaking in a whisper.
5. Buchan—out of cigarettes.
6. K. Pedersen—with a ballet skirt and bangs.
7. Quantz—aware.
8. Bushfield—not "enjoying life."
9. Clarke—drinking in knowledge at lectures.
10. Gow—Boisterous.
11. Quarry—a five-by-five Pollyanna.
12. Foley—Refusing to clean the Drs.' Room.
13. Kelly—With a blonde feather cut.
14. Potter—without White.
15. Edwards—not beaming.
16. Hansen—Lethargic.
17. Robertson—Over-sleeping.



THE AWKWARD SQUAD

For days we had waited,
 For days we had suffered,
 The story can now be told
 On Monday we had to be bold.
 'Twas Monday, the 22nd of November,
 A morning that felt like December.
 The silence was shattered by the six o'clock
 bell
 We heard from Burke's room a shout—O
 Hel-ena!
 Up around corridors and through draughty
 halls
 Pajama clad figures staggered against walls.
 We finished our breakfast and then
 Along came Miss Shantz with her pen,
 "Anderson, Bell, Brown, and Burke,"
 And we can tell you, we didn't smirk.
 We rode in the elevator, up to the Fourth
 Floor,
 We wished every minute to fly through the
 door.
 We stepped right off, and there by heck
 Was dear Miss Mac at watch on deck.
 To us she was a menacing sight,
 Our emotions we simply had to fight,
 With piercing eye, and sternest voice
 She gave us our orders, and offered no
 choice.
 A rush to the bathroom was made by our
 senior,
 She grabbed from the wall, all the bedpans
 and cleaner,
 Into the tub they banged and clattered,
 Then from the ward came "My Gosh, what's
 the matter?"
 To the kitchen went Bones and Good-lookin'
 Supposedly to do the cookin',
 They dished it out and gave them gruel,
 Oh my gosh, but it was cruel!

Miss Mac thought Burke could do the work,
 To her she gave no jobs to shirk,
 Splintroom, front bathroom, linen room, and
 flowers,
 All this she must do in her limited hours.
 On the dot of eight, we staggered thru the
 open gate,
 Each with a shiver and then a shake.
 We went for our man, with a screen and a
 pan
 And then, by Jove, the bath began.
 We closed his eyes and washed his face,
 And then we put his teeth in place.
 We pulled out his arm and laid it bare,
 Then on his chest we tangled with hair.
 Those legs were really no beauties
 But still we had to do our duties,
 With a dip in the basin and a dabble here,
 We turned him over and washed the rear.
 We pulled up the covers, still working on
 high,
 We puffed up the pillows and heaved a sigh,
 We brought him a bag, paper, of course,
 Filled up his pitcher, and said "Drink" with
 force.
 There was a frozen look on Andy's face,
 With grim despair on Bones,
 And as Bell and Burke, tore up and down
 All longed for the peace of their homes.
 We dusted the ward with never a word,
 Along came Miss Mac and drove out the
 herd.
 To classes now, we must return,
 Although for our beds we really yearn.
 The days rolled by as they always do
 And to this floor we bade adieu,
 It was grim, we thought, 'till we got the
 hang,
 We are now known as the "Happy Gang".



"ON THE OTHER HAND"

Alone with a book by the fire—that's swell
Alone on the dunes—there's a certain spell
To that. Or alone is a pleasant way
To go for a walk on a stormy day.

It's thrilling, alone, with the reins in hand,
And to be all alone with some work is grand.
Alone in a mist, with a moon—that's magic
Alone on a Saturday night—that's tragic.

—Margaret Engelman.



AN A.B.C. FOR NURSES

- A. is for the Abdomen I have to shave,
- B. is for the Baby that won't behave.
- C. for the Charts that keep me late,
- D. for the Doses that patients hate.
- E. for the Enema of water and soap.
- F. for the Fannies with which we cope.
- G. for the Gauze that we make into dressings.
- H. for the Head Nurse that gives us her blessing??
- I. for the Instinct that makes a nurse.
- J. for the Junk I've got in my purse.
- K. for the Kitchen I love to explore.
- L. for the Lessons we love and adore.
- M. for the Meals we bring at noon.
- N. for the Nurse I hope to be soon.
- O. for the Os that means a bone.
- P. for the Patient that wants to go home.
- Q. for the Query that puzzles my brain.
- R. for the Routine in the same steady train.
- S. for the Surgeon that wants this and that.
- T. for the Technique that often goes flat.
- U. for the Ulcer I dress every day.
- V. for the Vertabrae that Osteopaths play.
- W. for the Wasserman that shows up sinners.
- X. for the X-ray that exposes my inners.
- Y. for the Yawn at the end of the day.
- Z. for the Zenith Hour, I'm on my way.

—(Contributed by Dr. L. S. Mackid).

THE NURSE

The world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.

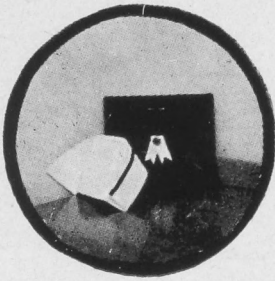
Taking the temperature, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numberless ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing that same encouraging smile.
Blessing the newborn babies' first breath,
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death.

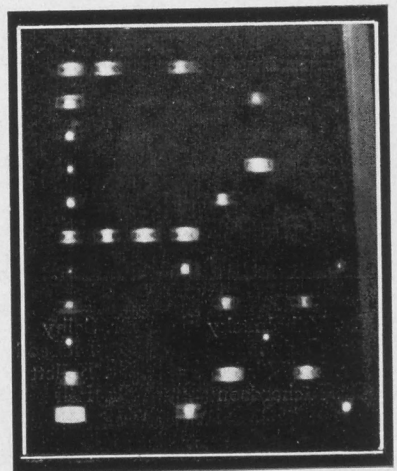
Taking the blame for the doctors' mistakes
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock (?)
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven fifteen
With woe in her heart, that must not be seen,
Morning and evening and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crowns with our uniform new,
In that city above where the Head Nurse is You!



M.D.'s





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Dr. F. Wilson
Dr. Richardson

Dr. Selby
Dr. McLeod
Dr. Follett
Dr. Hill

Dr. Campbell
Dr. Adams
Dr. Fettes
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Dr. Fraser

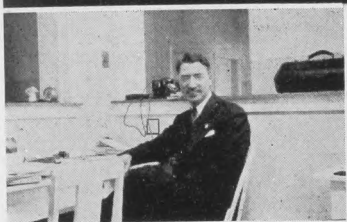
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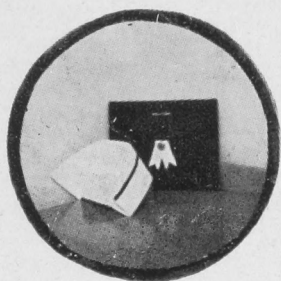
Dr. Thorne

Thanks to you—Doctors
Who posed so sweet
You've helped to make
Our book complete.
And those of you
Who don't appear
We're very sorry—wish you were here.



A man who applied for post as assistant in the pharmacy, admitted that he could not read.

"But surely, it is intuition rather than ability to read that is wanted when you deal in doctors' orders?"



Generalizing



Graduation Highlights

On April 30th, there was a hub-bub outside the Nurses' Home, while the senior nurses were anxiously awaiting the street car, which was to take them to Grace Presbyterian Church.

At the church, were last minute inspections of stiffly starched uniforms as each girl was given her bouquet.

Then to the strains of a processional march, the Class of 1946 took their places, and the graduation exercises began. The diplomas and pins were presented by His Worship Mayor Watson, and Miss Hebert, Superintendent of Nurses.

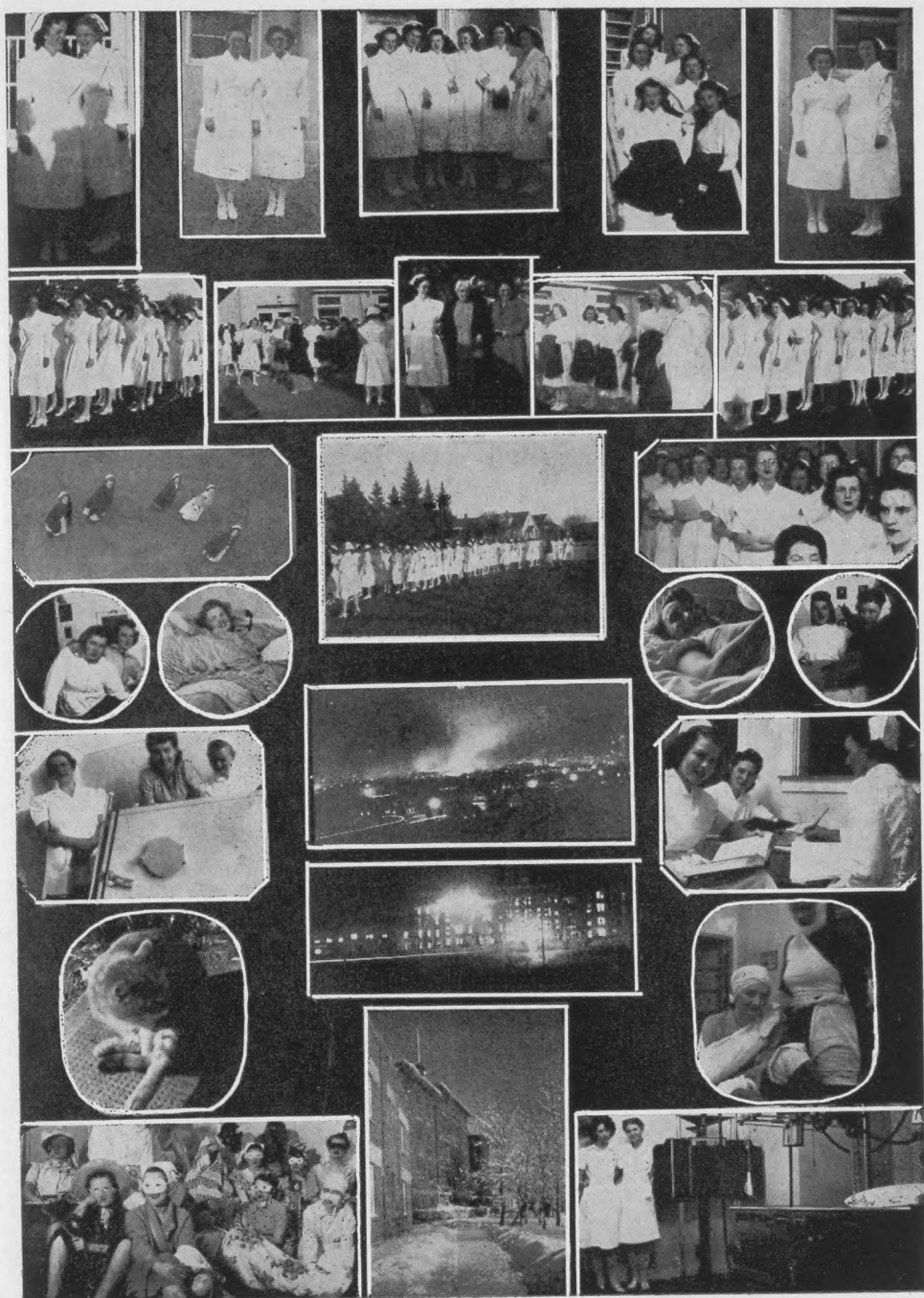
Special Awards were as follows: Miss McFarlane, Gold Medal; Miss Segal, Silver Medal; Miss Hansen, Scholarship; Miss Johnson, Obstetrical Award; Miss Compton, Surgical Award; Miss Cann, Pharmaceutical Award; Miss Brown, First Aid Award; Miss Burke, Dr. Gibson's Award.

Dr. Hughes addressed the Graduating Class, and Dr. Gibson led us in the Florence Nightingale Pledge. The musical portion of the program was ably handled by the Calgary General Hospital Choral Club, with a solo by Miss Philp, and a violin selection by Miss Cochran.

Following the exercises at the church, a reception was held at Penley's Academy. From there the class returned to the Nurses' Home—a tired, but very happy group of new "Grads".

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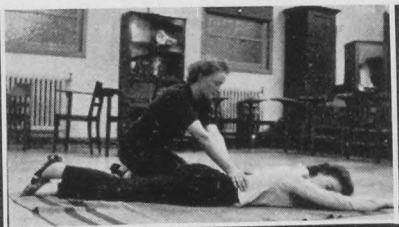
After recuperating from most of the excitement of Graduation, we again donned our "Whites" on Friday evening to attend the Annual Big Sister Banquet at the Palliser. Following the impressive Candle Lighting Ceremony, each girl felt as though she had become a part of the Calgary General Hospital Alumni Association.



1st Row—Graduation.
2nd Row—Graduation.
Juniors—looking up.
What'll we do?
Relaxing.
At Isolation.
Seen about C.G.H.
Masquerade.

Waiting for C.M.Ry.
Scene by night.
C.G.H.—10 p.m.
Winter cover-up.

Xmas Carollers.
Gibbie.
Us for the Cozy Lunch.
2W and no bells??
Aren't you glad you're you?
X-Ray and Techs.



Eveready Kinghorn.
Number please!
10 p.m. clean up.
Miss Allison.
Qu---iet! Please!!!

1001-1005.
Hm-m-m!
Keepers of the keys.
Bish—cast off!
Anatomical training.
Lab techs.
Four-a-day.
Seats of learning?

N—castcutter—Owens.
Always cheerful.
6 a.m.—still sleepy.
Our night supt.
Automatic? after 3 years.



Bert Vennard.
Spring fever.
W. Steele, L. Hill.
The old rink.
Our Albert.

Miss V. Gruenigen
30,000 u, q.3.h.
Fire drill??
Miss McRoberts
Orderly advance.

Xmas party '46.
Befus and Ross.
False fronts.
Miss Howatson.
120° for H.W.B.
Mission accom.

Miss Mann.
Stu.
Probie? Nope!
Miss Hooper.
Orderly retreated.

Griff.
P.M.H. stude.
Salome at Isolot.
Pre-op prep.
Cramming?

EDITOR'S NOTE

In our book, complete at last, we have attempted to give you a prose, poem and picture display of our three years in training. Days that have slipped away more swiftly than anyone had ever thought possible.

We, the Year Book Staff, hope that from its contents, you will now be better acquainted with the type of life we trainees all experience. We've had many jolly times together. Even when things didn't go as well as they might have, we had only to air our troubles to some of our mates, either in the wash-room or kitchenette, and presto—before we knew it, we were laughing through our tears.

We feel very grateful to those who have helped us along from one stepping stone to the next, and who have given us confidence and courage when we were most in need of it.

To our fellow students, we hope it will bring back memories that will be treasured throughout the years and re-kindled every time its pages are turned.

When we look back on our training, instead of remembering what we gave of ourselves, I think we would do well to consider all that we have gained for ourselves.

“Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little, if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is honest and brave and true.
Moment by moment the whole day through.

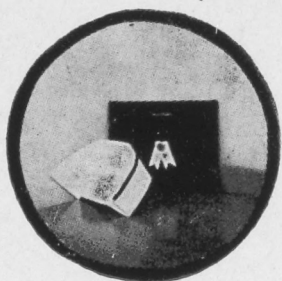
Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro
Down lowest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.”

(Author Unknown).

—P. Herbert, Editor.



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"What makes the new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?"

Tommy—"It don't cry so very much—and anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

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"Well done is better than well said".—B. Franklin.

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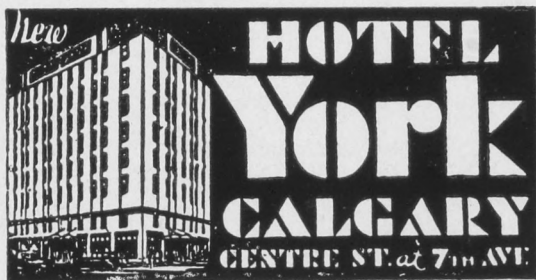
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Don't worry about what people are thinking about you, for they are not thinking about you, but wondering what you are thinking about them.



An unknown critic wrote on the wall of a cinema outside which people were queuing: "Never in the history of human entertainment have so many waited so long for so little."

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"Corporal, where did you get that black eye?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The boudoir."

★★★

When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal, and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.—G. B. Shaw.

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After a storm comes a clam.

To err is humane.

Better late than ever.

Absence makes the heart go ponder.

All that glitters is not old.

One good turn deserves a mother.

Physician, heel thyself.

Enough is as good as a fast.

He always looks on the backside of everything.

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He was an enthusiastic but unsuccessful dancer, and a really clever dancer had the misfortune to have him for a partner. "I wish I were in your shoes," he said, admiringly, as he blundered around the ballroom with the girl. "Perhaps so," she retorted icily, "But do stop trying to get into them now."

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Awakened by the phone at 2.00 a.m., the famous surgeon growled: "But man, less than a year ago you got me up in the middle of the night for an emergency appendectomy on your wife. And now you're telling me the same story. Your wife can't have her appendix taken out twice."

"No, I know", agreed the husband, "but a man can be married twice."

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FOR THE NURSES**
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R1386

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CONGRATULATIONS

to the

Graduating Class of 1946

of the

Calgary General Hospital



THE T. EATON CO.
WESTERN LIMITED

PROVERBS AND CANCER

The association of proverbial sayings with the somewhat distasteful topic of Cancer may not at first be clear to you. I would, however, direct your attention to the well-known quotations "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise", and to its more colloquial counterpart: "What you don't know, won't hurt you".

Never were sayings less true in relation to our endeavour to control cancer in Canada. Ignorance, the refusal to recognize the beginnings of trouble, the fear of learning the truth, and the very common habit of putting it off till tomorrow, all contribute to the high death rate from cancer.

A contributing factor to the delay which takes place between the first impression of trouble and the necessary action is, surprisingly enough, modesty on the part of certain women. The reluctance to undergo physical examination is surely carrying modesty to an excessive degree and this should never be permitted to stand in the way of discovering the true state of affairs. The human body is no novelty to your doctor. He deals with the physical manifestations of illness in his everyday work. Don't let false modesty delay a proper investigation of your trouble.

Don't waste time in trying to convince yourself that cancer cannot possibly happen to you. If you have the slightest reason for suspecting the presence of a malignant growth, make an appointment with your doctor, not tomorrow, but today.

If you have cancer, he will see that you are placed under treatment. If you have no cancer, his re-assurance will set your mind at rest.

For information on Cancer, write Alberta Branch, G. M. Pettinger, Secretary.

"I want some arsenic for my mother-in-law", announced the customer.

"Yes, sir," the druggist replied. "Have you a doctor's prescription?"

"No," said the customer. "But here's a photograph of her."

★★★

We should always be as generous with a man as we are with a picture, which we always give the benefit of the best possible light.

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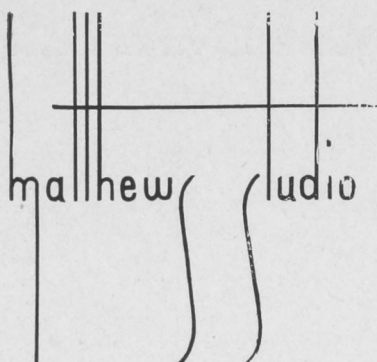
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Sittings by
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Renfrew Building, 120 Seventh Avenue West, Calgary

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than about one's own glory in doing it.

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— at —

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Phone M3030

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Socks

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CORNER OF FIRST STREET WEST



TO those who follow in the steps of Florence Nightingale, there may not come the public recognition and acclaim that has been accorded the heroine whose selfless devotion to duty set the high ideals of the profession you are now entering. You will, however, enjoy the respect given an honored profession, and you will know in your heart the satisfaction gained by serving others, by the easing of pain, and the making more bearable of lives not granted the immeasurable boon of health.

CITY OF
CALGARY



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"Enna Jettick"

and

"Clinic"

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After a patient had been ringing frantically for some time, Miss McKenzie appears in the doorway, and asks in quiet tones, "Were you ringing Miss M——?" "No, I was just tolling the bell, I thought you were dead."

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THE HOURS OF
THE SHUT-IN

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A copy of our leaflet on the care of flowers and plants is yours for the asking.



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★★★

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of good
printing-plates*

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AVENUE W
PHONE
M2466**

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★★★

The Chinese character for trouble shows two women under the same roof.



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— of the —

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M1995

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try
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and
T-KETTLE KOUNTERS

"Smile—a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart
is at home."

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TRAIN

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DELICIOUS

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TO THE
CLASS OF '46
IS THE SINCERE WISH OF
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50c AND UP

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Residence L2412

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MONARCH PAINTS, VARNISHES AND ENAMELS

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M7488

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FOR THAT SICK FRIEND

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WATCH AND JEWELLERY REPAIRING

A hard fall should mean a high bounce, if one is made of the right material.



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To the Class of 1946

from

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(E. M. FOX)

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"THE HOME OF FINE FOODS"



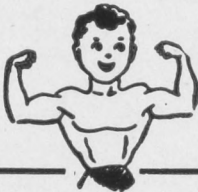
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Salt your food with humour, pepper it with wit

And sprinkle o'er it the charm of good fellowship.

Never poison it with the cares of life.

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★★★

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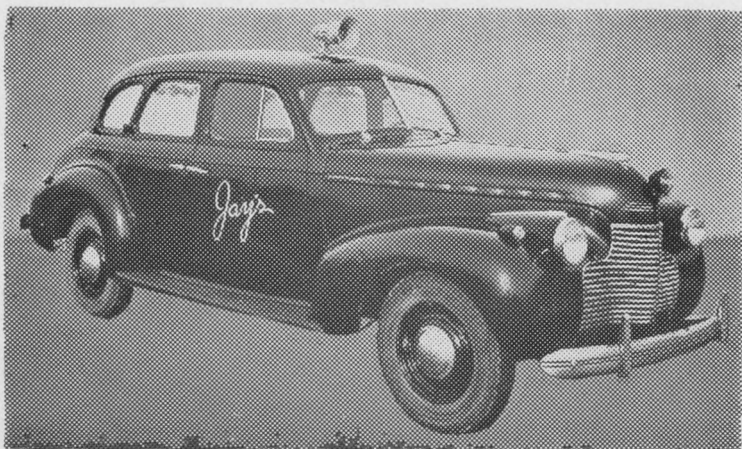
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